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CITY WALL OF HOFHOOF, CAPITOL OF HASSA

(See "The Ruler of Al-Hassa")

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THE ARABIAN MISSION

The Ruler of Al-Hassa

DR. PAUL W. HARRISON.

The time was when Hassa was ruled by the Turks. People look back to that time now, as to the Dark Ages. Their rulers preyed on them from within and the Bedouins of the Desert robbed and looted from without. It is difficult for the Western imagination to picture the resulting conditions. The Turkish rulers had one ambition, to enrich themselves. In that they were very successful. The hungry Bedouins from the desert had much the same desire with perhaps more excuse. They, too, were painfully successful, and the lives of the unfortunate people who lived in that lovely province of date gardens, was a hard and a bitter and a bloody bondage.

That state of things lasted till seven years ago, then it stopped. The great Wahabi Chief came in from the Desert with three hundred men and drove out the Turkish garrison of several times that number. He put into the seat of authority a man whom the Peace Conference in Paris never heard of, but who is one of the world's remarkable rulers nevertheless. The Czar of Russia never possessed more unlimited power than Bin Jelouee does as Ameer of Hassa. The Arabs believe in the one man administration of Government. Such a man is given a province with instructions to rule it. No written constitution embarrasses him, and no council or Parliament obstructs his freedom of action. If he succeeds, well and good, and if he fails he is likely to taste without delay the experiences of the next world.

It is doubtful if the world anywhere could furnish a more impossible job in Government than the one that faced Bin Jelouee. The inhabitants of Hassa looted and robbed and murdered each other. The rich oppressed the poor, and the Bedouins from the desert, who feared neither God nor man nor the devil, and to whom human life was about the cheapest thing in the world, had for centuries regarded Hassa as the one source of certain and easy loot.

And now at the end of seven years, human life and property are safer in that province of Hassa and in the surrounding desert country, than they are in the United States. We travelled five days through the desert in a small caravan of nine camels, without a guard or a soldier. One of those nine camels was loaded with forty thousand Rupees in silver. You could hit it with your stick and hear the coins clink against one another. The American missionary was the only one that manifested any surprise. "No," the camel man said, "Nobody thinks of stealing anything now, since Bin Jelouee rules." Date trees are worth about three times as much now as they were in the Turkish days, and the dates sell for about three times their former prices. Business has increased. The country is prosperous, which is not surprising. Hassa ought to be prosperous for it is the garden spot of all Arabia. All it needed was a good government.



ARAB WAR DANCE NEAR OJEIR

A success as remarkable as that is worth studying. Bin Jelouee's methods are Oriental. During our visit to Hassa this past year a Bedouin was brought in who had looted a caravan some three years before. He escaped the vengeance of Bin Jelouee, and the incident passed out of the public mind. But it did not pass out of Bin Jelouee's mind, and finally Bin Jelouee's men got him. Tied hand and foot he was brought in on the back of a camel, to "point a moral and adorn a tale." Thursday is the great market day for Hassa. From all the outlying villages the people come, apparently everybody bent on selling something, and buying something else. It is a picturesque sight, and one hardly to be duplicated anywhere in Arabia. The Bazaar is crowded with thousands of people. Date gardeners from the various villages of Hassa, Bedouins

from the desert, travelling merchants from outside are all there. It was early Thursday morning that the Executioner led out the condemned Bedouin to the center of the great Bazaar, where he cut his head off, without ceremony. He must have been feeling a bit weak that morning, or perhaps his sword needed sharpening, for the head was left still hanging to the body by a bit of the skin of the front of the neck. The body lay all day long in the Bazaar for the people to see, and draw their own conclusions. At sundown he was buried.

"I saw a bag of coffee lying in the road as I came in today," reported a Bedouin to Bin Jelouee. "How do you know it was Coffee?" Oh, I pushed it with my big toe to find out. It was coffee." "When you see a bag lying in the road," replied the Governor, "you are not to push it with your big toe. You are to let it alone." "Go, bring Merzook," this last to his attendant. The executioner arrived without delay. "Cut it off," and that particular Bedouin has lacked a big toe ever since.

I remember the first time that I met this remarkable man. I had heard much about him. He reminded me, then, of shaking hands with some people at home, who make you think you have gotten hold of the cold slippery tail of a dead fish. I had a crawly feeling up and down my back, and was glad to get away from the interview. There was a reason for it. He did not approve of my being brought into the country, and I think he was about as much afraid of me as I was of him. We came to be very good friends later, and I at least, to admire him very much. I think I know though, just how cold and fishy his eye looks when a criminal begs for mercy. In those days the only way I was able to bring a gleam of humanity to his face, was by telling him about his small son in Riadh, whom he had not seen for some years, and of whom he was evidently very proud.

On a second visit we came to be very good friends. The Medical work was located in a little house, big enough perhaps to accommodate a family of five. Surgery boomed on that visit, and before two weeks had passed, we had forty in-patients in that house. The ground space was pretty nearly all covered, and you could hardly walk around without stepping on somebody. Bin Jelouee came over and paid us a visit, and was distinctly impressed. He came to regard us as a real benefit to the place.

Whenever possible we used to visit him twice a week. He sat in his Mejlis practically alone. The Governor of the richest province in Arabia, his Mejlis is utterly bare of display, and practically bare of comfort. No crowd of visitors sits there, an occasional Bedouin only, for while he has brought good government to Hassa, there are few more lonely men in it. I marvelled exceedingly one night, to listen to a brisk argument between a Bedouin and Bin Jelouee himself. There was war inland between Bin Saoud and the Shereef of Mecca, and in the course of the conversation Bin Jelouee accused one of the Bedouin tribes of having failed to perform its duty by the great Chief, at some previous time of need. There was a representative of the tribe present, and he took up the tribe's defense with

reckless vigor. However, Bin Jelouee argued him down, and the Westerner marvelled at this land of paradoxes, where the Government is an autocracy such as Russia never equalled, and at the same time a Democracy where the beggars unhesitatingly argue with the Czar himself, and that before the Royal Court.

Bin Jelouee was appointed Governor of Hassa seven years ago. He has never asked for a vacation. He has never left the capital city even for a day. Indeed only to welcome Bin Saoud, the ruler of all Arabia, has he left the city for so much as five minutes. His former wife, and his children, that is to say, his older ones, are hundreds of miles away, and it is seven years since he has seen them. His eye lights up when you tell him about them, but he will not admit that he would enjoy a vacation to go and visit them. His conception of loyalty to his chief in Riadh has no room for such lapses. His companions are far away, and his children are with them, but he will not admit even to himself that he even wants to see them, as long as the Government of Hassa is on his shoulders.

Bin Jelouee reflects the faults of his faith and training. He is noted even among the Arabs for the number of wives that he has taken and divorced after brief periods. Sometimes indeed, such unions are dissolved after a few weeks or even days. He has not the faintest idea of why schools or modern progress should be considered desirable. He is as little interested in the outside world as anyone I ever met, I think, without an exception. And he is a bigoted Mohammedan with all that that implies. But underneath all the faults of faith and training and character, as friendship makes possible a glimpse of what lies under the surface, there are discerned the outlines of a loyalty to duty, so splendid that it serves to widen and deepen and strengthen our own conception of what it is that God requires of men who would serve Him. Aye, and it adds a new intensity to the prayer that God in His power will open the hearts of such men to the Gospel, so that the rubbish and the falsity may be cleared away, and these men become ornaments and pillars in the Kingdom of God.



From Ojeir to Hassa--a Reminiscence and a Postscript

REV. SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, D.D., LL.D.

Recent letters from Dr. Paul W. Harrison tell of his wonderful visit to the inland provinces of Nejd across the eastern threshold of Arabia, and a second visit to Hassa, which is the garden province, when compared with the great desert stretching north and west. His letter brought back memories of my two journeys to the capitol Hofhoof, and reminded me of some photographs unpublished taken by my friend Mr. Burckhardt, who also explored this country and met his death shortly afterward in south Arabia. Although bearing the same name, he was no relative of the more famous Burckhardt who visited Mecca.



THE LAST FLAG OF TURKEY—PHOTOGRAPHED
AT KATIF

Although bearing the same name, he was no relative of the more famous Burckhardt who visited Mecca.

The usual route from Bahrein to the interior of Hassa is to cross by boat to Ojeir on the mainland, and thence to travel by caravan to Hofhoof. In October, 1893, I took this route, returning from the capital to Katif and thence back to Menamah. Embarking at sunset we landed at Ojeir before dawn the next day and I found my way to a Turkish custom-house officer to whom I had a friendly letter from a Bahrein merchant. Ojeir, although it has neither a bazaar nor any

settled population, has a mud-fort, a dwarf flagstaff and an imposing custom-house. The harbor although not deep, is protected against north and south winds and is therefore a good landing place for the immense quantity of rice and piece-goods shipped from Bahrein into the interior. A caravan of from two to three hundred camels leaves Ojeir every week. For although the Jabel Shammer country is probably supplied overland from Basrah and Bagdad, the whole of Southern Nejd receives piece-goods, coffee, rice, sugar and Birmingham wares by way of Bahrein and Ojeir.

The whole plain in and about the custom-house was piled with bales and boxes and the air filled with the noise of loading seven hundred camels. I struck a bargain with Salih, a Nejdi, to travel in his party and before noon-prayers we were off. The country for many hours was bare

desert, here and there a picturesque ridge of sand, and in one place a vein of greenish limestone. When night came we stretched a blanket on the clean sand and slept in the open air; those who had neglected their waterskins on starting now satisfied thirst by scooping a well with their hands three or four feet deep and found a supply of water. During the day the sun was hot and the breeze died away; but at night, under the sparkling stars and with a north wind it seemed, by contrast, bitterly cold. On the second day at noon we sighted the palm forests that surround Hofhoof and give it, Palgrave says, "the general aspect of a white and yellow onyx chased in an emerald rim." As we did not reach the "emerald rim" until afternoon I concluded to remain at Jifr, one of the many suburb villages. Here Salih had friends, and a delicious dinner of bread, butter, milk and dates, all fresh, was one of many tokens



TURKISH CUSTOM HOUSE, OJEIR

of hospitality. At sunset we went on to the next village, Menazeleh, a distance of about three miles through gardens and rushing streams of tepid water. The next morning early we again rode through gardens and date orchards half visible in the morning mist. At seven o'clock the mosques and walls of Hofhoof appeared right before us as the sun lifted the veil; it was a beautiful sight.

Hofhoof can claim a considerable age. Under the name of Hajar, it was next to Mobarrez, the citadel town of the celebrated Bni Kindi and Abd El Kais (570 A. H.). Both of these towns, and in fact every village of Hassa, owe their existence to the underground watercourses, which are the chief characteristics of the province; everywhere there is the same great abundance of this great blessing. A land of streams and fountains—welling up in the midst of the salt sea, as at Bahrein; flowing

unknown and unsought under the dry desert at Ojeir; bubbling up in perennial fountains at Katif; or bursting out in seven hot springs that flow, cooling, to bless wide fields of rice and wheat at Mobarrez.

Hofhoof itself is surrounded by gardens, and its plan gives a good idea of the general character of the towns of Arabia. A castle or ruler's house; a bazaar with surrounding dwellings and a mud-wall built around to protect the whole. The moat is now dry and half filled in with the debris of the walls, which are not in good repair. The town is nearly a mile and a half across at its greater diameter, but the houses are not built as close together as is the custom in most Oriental towns; here is the pleasant feature of gardens *inside* the walls. The date-palm predominates, and indeed comes to wonderful perfection, but the nabak, the papay, the fig and the pomegranate are also in evidence. Indigo is cultivated, and also cotton, while all the region round about is green with fields of rice and sugar-cane and vegetables—onions, radishes, beans, vetches and maize.



BETWEEN HOFHOOF AND KATIFF

Our photographs show glimpses of the region immediately north and west of the capital, and give the reader some conception of the geological formation of the country, which clearly shows the erosion of the sand-stone rock into fantastic shapes by the action of desert sand and winds. The vast stretches of palm prove that Palgrave did not exaggerate and the pools of water are evidence of the marvellous natural fertility of this country. Now that the Turk has disappeared we may look forward to its development, and perhaps some day a light railway will bring the date produce to the coast at Ojeir, and the pier will have a different appearance from the day when we landed, and the Arabs carried thousands of bags of rice and coffee from the sailing craft to go by caravans inland. The gospel, too, will have freer course and be glorified.

Home-Making in Arabia

MRS. HENRY A. BILKERT

"Home, Sweet Home" could hardly be a popular song in Arabia. One never gets over feeling the awful void in the home life there. I remember the first week in this country we were invited to call on a new bride. She was a beautiful young girl and seemed almost happy, and natural as she sat there decked out in her borrowed jewelry and silk dresses. She was married to a young man and was his first wife. Although she did not know him they were cousins and it really seemed a fine match. We could almost congratulate her with sincere joy. But some time later when I went to call on her I found that she had gone to live with her husband's parents. I found the house and knocked. But not only my young bride friend, Ayesha, received me but her foster mother, her mother-in-law, and her mother-in-law's partner wife. The house was a



THE HOME OF THE POOR

small one and the courtyard, hardly more than a pen, was crowded with goats, chickens and cats. At the right was a smoky place which served as the kitchen; to the left a two-by-four room belonging to one of the wives of the father-in-law. A tumble down stairs led to the room of the other wife and to Ayesha's room. Where the foster mother slept I don't know. This was Ayesha's home. She did not complain about it but I wondered what some of us would have done under the circumstances. Things did not go right in that house, naturally. The father-in-law was a perfect tyrant. The foster mother had a barbed tongue and talked incessantly so that the husband, in self defense, threatened to divorce his bride of less than a year. Her fate hung in the balance, but the coming of a little child reinstated her. I go there to call. Ayesha rocks her little baby, the foster mother pesters me with questions at the rate of fifty a minute. Across the room, for there is no privacy with one's friends in Arabia, sit the wives of the father-in-law. One of them is holding a baby also and I refer to the child as her own. "No, she is not mine," she tells me, "she is the child of my husband's wife." What a

blunder to make to a Moslem woman. The street door creaks on its wooden hinges and immediately the women all whisper "Sh-h" and hold up warning fingers. The very babies in arms seem to sense something serious and hush their cries and whimperings. In the courtyard below there is a great squawking of chickens and bleating of goats as they scatter to every side. There is a heavy tread across the little yard and into one of the rooms, followed by silence. Farewells are whispered and I make myself as small as possible as I sneak, there is no other word to describe it, out of the house and away. The father-in-law had come home!

One day we were calling at the home of one of the richest men in the city. The house was really beautiful with its oriental architecture, and its new, white walls shone out in the sun as a sort of challenge to the rest of the dirty city. Surely in this place we would find real home life.



THE HOME OF THE GREAT

As we were being ushered along through cool halls and up well-built stairs I thought how fine it would be to live there and what fun children would have playing in its wide, open rooms. We entered a room and a coldness fell on the atmosphere, as chilling as a March wind. The timid little wife sat on one side of the room, and to look at her one could tell she wanted to be friendly. But on the other side of the room sat that evil genius of Moslem home life, the mother-in-law, and she would not so much as turn her head toward us as she uttered her mono-syllabic replies to our greetings. It was easy to see who was the head of the house there. The mother-in-law wouldn't talk and the wife didn't dare to so we didn't have what you would call an exciting conversation. As we left that room two of the other wives, there are four in that household, came and invited us to their rooms. These wives are very fortunate and have each a separate room to themselves. Not to cause any hard feelings we visited the room of each one and tried to praise each room

equally. It is a hard position, this visiting partner wives, and one has to be on guard every moment lest something be said which might upset that easily unbalanced domestic situation. By the time we had finished our visit in this home we were all feeling the strain of Moslem "home life."

The war raised the price of brides to a considerable extent. It put parents or marriageable boys into a plight. But in Moslem lands boys must be married and parents must obtain a suitable wife at any cost! Such was the case in a home we all knew and where we were all interested because of the friendliness of the devoted mother. Requests began to come to the missionaries for material assistance. Strange indeed it seemed for an American ear to listen to a petition so foreign. "Please, I wish you would loan me money to help marry my son. It takes very much money and I have already sold my best dresses and bracelets for it. I want a good girl, not just an ordinary one, and I have found a good one in the next town. But I must pay a big price for her. To get a good wife one must pay a good price. I won't take a young girl and this one is sixteen years old!" (Quite an old age to be married in). In spite of hard times and the enormous sum of nearly five hundred dollars to be raised, the wedding took place. A week of feasts and visits, a display of borrowed finery. A new room was added in the family yard, the bride was brought to the home of her future years. We joined the noisy crowd of women that came to greet the new wife. Although strictly Moslem this wedding was the most sane and sensible we had ever seen. This was the beginning of a new home, yet how strange it all was.

It is the same in the hut or the mansion. The poor and the rich share alike. The rules and customs of the Moslem home are a blight upon the things that might be most sacred and beautiful. A beautiful woman sits in the house of a wealthy Sheikh, and as best she knows serves her lord and master. But she too admits, "I am his sixth wife and God knows how long he will keep me." A sweet little girl who would go wild with delight if you gave her a doll, tells you, "yes, I was married three months ago. I didn't want to be married but my father and mother arranged for it. I don't live at home any more, but in my husband's home. I used to go out and play lots but now I can't, my husband won't allow me to go." An old man of sixty marries a young girl and she becomes the mother of sickly, puny children. A woman is made the butt of jest and ridicule from her friends and partner wives and finally divorced because she is childless. No wonder the women marvel at the way the missionaries live, and say, "you are different, your husbands love you and respect you." No wonder they cannot understand our common meals, our evenings spent in each other's company, our walks and good times together. And they will never find the answer to their longings in Islam. As long as the religion of Mohammed holds sway over their lives just so long must they live outside the rule of home love and home life. "A tree is known by its fruit." How eagerly we tell them that our happy homes are only the fruit of the Spirit of Him who gave us the great ideal of the home and who, when He wanted to bring us nearest God, spoke of Him as Father.

A Letter From Bahrein

MRS. DIRK DYKSTRA

Bahrein is a group of islands of which the largest is about twenty-six miles long by twelve miles wide, and the total population is about seventy-five thousand. These live in about one hundred and sixty-five villages and towns, most of which are in the northern half of the island. There are two other islands in the group, of rather large size. The one is called Moharrek, and it is here that the ruling sheikh lives. Sitra is the other island and is situated to the southeast of the largest one, and on it is the summer home of the brother of the ruling sheikh. It has several good springs and is covered with gardens. Wherever there are fresh water springs, there good gardens are to be found.



OLD CASTLE ON MOHARREK ISLAND

The agriculturists are of the class called Baharanes. These are of unknown origin but it is generally supposed that they are of Arabic and Persian extraction, and they are the original inhabitants of the islands and are therefore called Baharanes. They are all of the Shiah sect. There is a race and sect hatred between them and the Arabs, who are Sunnis, which fully equals the hatred of the Jews for the Samaritans. The Arab does not take kindly to hard work and so the Baharanes have become the tillers of the soil. Besides being agriculturists they also are found in all other trades such as merchants, divers, pearl-brokers, fishermen, boatmen and blacksmiths. In the larger places like Menameh, the men of both classes mingle a little bit in business but there is but little,

if any, intermingling in visiting, and none in marrying, religious services and burying, not even in their cemeteries. The Baharanes are more fanatical and suspicious, more faithful and exacting in all religious practices, and much more aloof in all their dealings with Christians and Christian teaching. In the villages this aloofness is intensified. Even here in Menama, where we have been stationed so many years, there are pitifully few houses of this class open to us. In none of the towns and villages of this class can an Arab family be found, and for all that the Mission has been on this island almost thirty years, these places are about as much closed to the Gospel and its messengers as in the first year of our occupation. The only means of entrance seems to be medical and even that seems to be little desired. Most of the one hundred and sixty-five villages on the islands are Baharanes and, as original inhabitants of the island, they come under the jurisdiction of the ruling sheikh. Most of the Arab villages are on the sea coast.

There are two ways of transportation in touring the island, by donkey and by sail-boat. The donkey is the easier and the quicker, for then one is independent of tide and wind. The villages we have been able to visit, where we have been received, with one or two exceptions, are all Sunnis. Most of them are eight or more miles distant. When we go on a trip we try to get an early start so as to meet the people during the forenoon. This is of special importance for the work of the men. The women are usually at home and, since they see so little of the world they are glad to see a visitor from outside. But the men are more independent and unless they are encountered at the right time, are not to be seen. Just at present Mr. Dykstra and I are making some trips to these various towns. We come with no medicines to recommend us to their favor and goodwill. The question is often asked, "What are you doing here?" "Why did you come?" and when we go to some well known place or person the question is easily answered, but when we are just going about it is not so satisfactorily answered. It is not difficult to secure a following or an audience in any place, our foreign dress will do that for us, but usually such a crowd is not of the desirable kind. In one village whenever they see the "kapoose," or hat, coming near, it is the signal for all the boys, large and small, to gather around, and they are not sparing in their remarks and criticisms. Even inside the women's apartments there is no refuge from this rabble of onlookers. The children respect and obey the men but the women command no respect and obedience from these youngsters, and remonstrating with them avails nothing. In B—— it is accepted as a matter of course that wherever we are the place will be overrun by this crowd of spectators. Literally, there is no room, "no, not so much as about the door." I often feel that the women who entertain us must weary of us if for no other reason than because of the crowds we attract. It is not pleasant to be so much like the monkey in a cage at a managerie. Neither is it inspiring to be so stared at and followed, and to be conscious of the sly and secret jeers and scoffings that are passed around, but we are thankful to say that

in every place there have always been some of the more honorable women who rebuked and kept in check any tendency to open rudeness or boisterous action.

The Arab is essentially a proud being. When we go to them on tours and are entertained by them they take us right into the daily routine of their lives and we say, "how lovely, how commendable," but it is not because of their thoughtfulness for their guests that they do so. On one trip I sat down with some women to eat the noonday meal. There was a platter of rice and some dates and a shrimp and a half on top of the rice for seven women! And this was in the household of the ruling sheikh. One day some of us were breakfasting with some Arabs, and while we were seated around the tray and eating, a rabbit jumped right into the middle of the dish! No apologies were offered, the dish was not removed, and everyone was expected to go on eating. That same meal was two hours late in being served, while the guests, who had other engagements to attend to, were kept waiting. These things do not confuse or abash the Arab host or hostess. These are the kind of people whom we met. In every phase of life one can feel the sentiment, "We are the people." Touring among them and bringing them the message of life is not a favor shown to them, rather, they are doing us a favor in receiving us. Dear readers, and you who pray for us in our work, do not forget this when you remember us in your prayers. It does not take any particular amount of physical courage to go to these villages where we are not wanted, but it does take a large amount of moral courage to face them, and to continue our efforts with often so little apparent results. In one village where the Mission is well known and has done much good medically, while I was calling upon a certain family, the hostess offered me coffee before she offered it to the other women present, and only two out of the number present would drink out of the cups after that. they would not drink after a *kafir*. Two of the women, all during the visit, sat with muffled faces, only their eyes showing, thus protecting themselves against any smell from the *kafir* which might injure them. Smells, by the way, form a large part of the Arab's theory of cause and effect. The missionary in Arabia has plenty of opportunity to eat "fanatic-pie" when he meets a fanatic Moslem!

As we go about to bring the Gospel in these totally strange and un-frequented places, it is not difficult to picture Paul in Athens, being marched about by the populace, and to hear them say, "We will hear what this babbler has to say." But we thank God that in this field, in these villages, God too, hath His own, and that here, too, we may find a Dionysius and a Damaris.



Missionary Personalia

Word has been received from Japan that Miss Schafheitlin and Dr. Hosmon were expected to sail on November 28 from Shanghai on the P. & O. Steanship Dilwara. They will debark at Bombay and from that point take a steamer up the Persian Gulf.

A daughter was born to the Rev. and Mrs. Henry A. Bilkert on September 26 in Schell Hospital, Vellore, South India.

Mrs. Fred J. Barny writes of the interesting work in which she has been engaged during the past year at Madanapalle, South India. She has been taking charge of the Girls' Boarding School in that place and has also visited the zenanas with Miss TeWinkel, coming into touch with something of the same conditions amongst the Mohammedan women in India which prevail also in Arabia.

Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer arrived in this country on December 16, after a very stormy trip on the S. S. Rotterdam. Dr. Zwemer's return is at the urgent invitation of the Student Volunteer Movement and he will deliver several addresses at their quadrennial convention which is being held at Des Moines from December 31 to January 3.

The missionaries who have been spending a part of the hot season in India, have now returned to their posts and word has been received that all gathered at Basrah about the middle of November for the annual mission meeting.

NEGLECTED ARABIA

THERE is no subscription list for *Neglected Arabia*. The paper is sent to those who are especially interested in the work of the Arabian Mission. If *you* are interested and are ready to share in the responsibilities of carrying on that work, send your name and address to 25 East 22nd Street, New York City. The work is of such a unique and vital character that you will be glad to read about it and have a share in it.

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